

a Mademoiselle
Juliette Caswell

Star of my Soul



Words by
W. W. FOSDICK.



Music by
J. BLOCKLEY.

CINCINNATI

To Miss Juliette Caswell.

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STAR OF MY SOUL!

WORDS BY W.W. FOSDICK.

MUSIC BY J. BLOCKLEY.

MODERATO E GRAZIOSO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 6/8 time, marked 'MODERATO E GRAZIOSO' and 'pp'. The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The voice enters in the third measure of the second system with the lyrics 'Star of my Soul! a - wake! a-wake! The gold - en moonlight floods the Lake, Let's'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system of the piano introduction has four measures. The voice continues with the lyrics 'haste a-way, ere break of day Or morn - ing shows its sil - ver grey. What'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern. The third system of the piano introduction has four measures. The voice continues with the lyrics 'eres: dim:'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern. The score ends with a final chord in the piano.

Star of my Soul! a - wake! a-wake! The gold - en moonlight floods the Lake, Let's

haste a-way, ere break of day Or morn - ing shows its sil - ver grey. What

eres: dim:

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tho' the night is still and lone, 'Tis sun - shine where thou art.

Star of my Soul! my love, my own! Come light my lone-ly heart!

ad lib:

Star of my Soul! a - wake! a-wake! The gold - en moonlight floods the Lake, Let's

haste a-way, ere break of day Or morn - ing shows its sil - ver grey.

p *cresc.*

cresc.

Light of my life! my hope, my bliss, What night is half so bless'd as this, When

thou dost all the gloom destroy, And moon-like flood the world with joy.

cresc. *dim.*

Bird of my Soul! a - wake thy lays, And E - den blooms a - new; In

realms of love my spi - rit plays, And bids all gloom a - dieu!

Light of my Soul! a - wake! a-wake! The gold - en moonlight floods the Lake, Let's

haste a-way ere break of day Or morn - ing shows its sil - ver gleys.

p *cres.*